

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RUINED ONE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the course of an excursion through one of the remote counties of England, I had struck into one of those cross roads that lead through the more secluded parts of the country, and stopped one afternoon at a village, the situation of which was beautifully rural and retired. There was an air of primitive simplicity about its inhabitants, not to be found in the villages which lie on the great roads. I determined to pass the night there, and having taken an early dinner, strolled out to enjoy the neighboring scenery.

My ramble, as is usually the case with travellers, soon led me to the church, which stood at a little distance from the village. Indeed, it was an object of some curiosity, its tower being completely overgrown with ivy, so that only here and there a jutting battlement, an angle of gray wall, or a fantastically carved ornament, peered through the verdant covering. It was a lovely evening. The early part of the day had been dark and showery, but in the afternoon it had cleared up; and though golden clouds still hung overhead, yet there was a broad tract of golden sky in the west, from which the setting sun gleamed through the dripping leaves, and lit up all nature in a melancholy smile. It seemed like the parting hour of a good Christian, smiling on the sine and sorrows of the world, and giving, in the serenity of his decline, an assurance that he will rise again in glory.

I had seated myself on a half-risen tombstone, and was musing, as one is apt to do at this sober-thoughted hour, on past things and early friends—on those who were dead—and indulging in that melancholy fancy, which has in it something sweeter even than pleasure. Every now and then the stroke of a bell from the neighboring tower fell on my ear; its tones were in unison with the scene and, instead of jarring, blended in with my feelings; and it was some time before I recollected, that it must be tolling the knell of some new tenant of the tomb.

Presently I saw a funeral train moving across the village green; it wound slowly along a lane; it was lost, and re-appeared through the breaks of the hedges, until it passed the place where I was sitting. The pall was supported by young girls, dressed in white; and another, about the age of 17, walked before, bearing a chaplet of white flowers; a token that the deceased was a young and unmarried female. The corpse was followed by the parents. They were a venerable couple of the better order of peasantry. The father seemed to repress his feelings, but his fixed eye, contracted brow, and deeply furrowed face, showed the struggle that was passing within. His wife hung on his arm, and wept aloud with the convulsive burst of a mother's sorrow.

I followed the funeral into the church. The bier was placed in the centre aisle, and the chaplet of white flowers, with a pair of white gloves, were hung over the seat which the deceased had occupied.

Every one knows the soul-subduing pathos of funeral service for who is so fortunate as never to have followed some one he has loved to the tomb? but when performed over the remains of innocence and beauty, thus laid low in the bloom of existence, what can be more affecting? At that simple, but most solemn consignment of the body to the grave—"Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust"—the tears of the youthful companions of the deceased flowed unheeded. The father still seemed to struggle with his feelings, and to comfort himself with the assurance, that the dead are blest which die in the Lord; but the mother only thought of her child as a flower of the field cut down and withered in the midst of its sweetness; she was like Rachel, mourning over her children and would not be comforted.

On returning to the inn I learnt the whole story of the deceased. It was a simple one and such as has often been told. She had been the beauty and pride of the village. Her father had once been an opulent farmer, but was reduced in circumstances. This was his only child, and brought up entirely at home, in the simplicity of rural life. She had been the pupil of the village pastor, the favorite of his little flock. The good man watched over her education with paternal care; it was limited, and suitable to the sphere in which she was to move; for he only sought to make her an ornament to her station in life, not to raise her above it. The tenderness and indulgence of her parents, and the exemption from all ordinary occupations, had fostered a natural grace and delicacy of character, that accorded with the fragile loveliness of the form. She appeared like some tender plant of the garden, blooming accidentally amid the hardier natives of the field.

The superiority of her charms was felt and acknowledged by her companions, but without envy; for it was surpassed by the unassuming gentleness and winning kindness of her manners. It might be truly said of her:

"This is the prettiest low born lass, that ever ran on the green-ward; with the dew on her cheek, But smokes of something greater than herself, Too noble for this place."

The village was one of those requested spots, which still retain some vestiges of old English customs. It had its rural festivals and holiday pastimes, and still kept up some faint observance of the once popular rights of May. These indeed had been promoted by its pastor; who was a lover of old customs, and one of those simple Christians that think their mission fulfilled by promoting joy on earth and good will among mankind. Under his auspices the may-pole stood from year to year in the centre of the village green; on May day it was decorated with garlands and streamers; and a queen or lady of the May was appointed, as in former times, to preside at the sports, and distribute the prizes and rewards. The picturesque situation of the village, and fancifulness of its rustic fives, would often attract the notice of the casual visitors. Among these on one May day was a young officer, whose regiment had been recently quartered in the neighborhood. He was charmed with the native taste that pervaded this village peasant; but, above all, with the dawning loveliness of the queen of May. It was the village favorite, who was crowned with flowers, and blushing and smiling in all the beautiful confusion of girlish diffidence and delight. The artlessness of rural habits enabled him readily to make her acquaintance. He gradually won his way into her intimacy, and paid his court to her in that unthinking way in which young officers are too apt to trifle with rustic simplicity.

There was nothing in his advances to startle or alarm. He never talked of love; but there are

modes of making it more eloquent than language, and which convey it silently and irresistibly into the heart. The beam of the eye, the tone on the voice, the thousand tenderesses which emanate from every word, and look, and action, these form the true eloquence of love, and can almost be felt and understood but never described. Can we wonder that they should readily win a heart, young, guileless and susceptible? As to her, she loved almost unconsciously, she scarcely inquired what was the growing passion that was absorbing every thought and feeling, or what were to be its consequences. She indeed, looked not to the future. When present, his looks and words occupied her whole attention; when absent, she thought but of what had passed at their recent interview. She would wander with him through the green lanes and rural scenes of the vicinity. He taught her to see new beauties in nature; he talked in the language of polite and cultivated life and breathed into her ear the witcheries of romance and poetry.

Perhaps there could not have been a passion between the two, more pure than the innocent girl's. The gallant figure of her youthful admirer, and the splendor of his military attire, might at first have charmed her eye, but it was not these that had captivated her heart. Her attachment had something in it of idolatry. She looked up to him as a being of a superior order. She felt in his society the enthusiasm of a mind naturally delicate and poetical, and now first awakened to a keen perception of the grand and beautiful. Of the social distinctions of rank and fortune she thought nothing; it was the difference of intellect, of demeanor, of manners, from those of the rude rustic society to which she had been accustomed that elevated him in her opinion. She would listen to him with charmed ear and downcast look of mute delight, and her cheek would flush with enthusiasm; or if ever she ventured a shy glance of admiration, it was as quickly withdrawn, and she would sigh and blush at the idea of her comparative unworthiness.

Her lover was equally impassioned; but his passion was mingled with feelings of a warmer nature. He had begun the connexion in levity; for he had often heard his brother officers boast of their village conquests, and thought some triumph of the kind necessary to his reputation as a man of spirit. But he was too full of youthful fervor. His heart had not yet been rendered sufficiently cold and selfish by a wandering and dissipated life; it caught fire from the very flame it sought to kindle and before he was aware of the nature of his situation he became really in love.

What was he to do? There were the old obstacles which so incessantly occur in these heedless attachments. His rank in life—the prejudices of titled connections—his dependence upon a proud and unyielding father—all forbade him to think of matrimony;—but when he looked down upon this innocent being so tender and confiding, there was a purity in her manners, a blamelessness in her life, and a bereaving modesty in her looks, that averted every licentious feeling. In vain did he try to forget himself by a thousand heartless examples of men of fashion, and to chill the glow of generous sentiment, with the cold denigrative levity with which he had heard them talk of female virtue. Whenever he came into her presence she was still surrounded by that mysterious, but impressive charm of virgin purity, in whose hallowed sphere no guilty thought can live.

The sudden arrival of orders from the regiment to repair to the continent, completed the confusion of his mind. He remained for a short time in a state of the most painful irresolution; he hesitated to communicate the tidings until the day of marching was at hand; when he gave her the intelligence in the course of an evening ramble.

The idea of parting had never before occurred to her. It broke at once upon her dream of happiness; she looked upon it as a sudden and insupportable evil, and wept with the guileless simplicity of a child. He drew her to his bosom, and kissed the tears from her soft cheek; nor did he meet with a repulse; those were moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness which follow the carresses of affection. He was naturally impetuous; and the sight of beauty, apparently yielding in his arms; the confidence of his power over her; and the dread of losing her forever; all conspired to overwhelm his better feelings, and he ventured to propose that she should leave her home and be the companion of his fortune.

He was quite a novice in seduction, and blushed and faltered at his own boldness; but so innocent of mind was his intended victim, that she was at a loss to comprehend his meanings; and why she should leave her native village and the humble roof of her parents? When at last the nature of his proposal flashed upon her mind, the effect was withering. She did not weep; she did not break forth in reproach—she said not a word—she said not a word—but she struck back as from a viper; gave him a look of anguish that pierced through his very soul, and clasping her hands in agony, fled as if for refuge, to her father's cottage.

The officer retired, confounded, humiliated, and repentant. It is uncertain what might have been the result of the conflict of his feelings, had not his thoughts been diverted by the bustle of departure. New scenes, new pleasures, and new companions soon dissipated his self-reproach, and stifled his tenderness; yet amidst the stir of camps, the revelries of garrisons, the array of arms, and even the din of battles, his thoughts would sometimes steal back to the scene of rural quiet and village simplicity—the white cottage—the foot-path along the silver brook and up the lawlorn hedge, and the little village maid bustling along it, leaning on its arm, and listening to him with eyes beaming with unconscious affection.

The shock which the poor girl had received in the destruction of all her ideal world, had indeed been cruel. Paintings and hysterics, had at first shaken her tender frame, and were succeeded by a settled and pining melancholy. She had beheld from her window the march of departing troops—She had seen her faithless lover borne off, as if in triumph, amidst the sound of drum and trumpet and the pomp of arms. She strained a last seeing gaze after him, as the morning sun glittered about his figure, and his plume waved in the breeze; he passed away like a bright vision from her sight and left her in darkness.

It would be useless to dwell on the particulars of her after history. It was like other tales of love, melancholy. She avoided society, and wandered out alone in the walks she had most frequented with her lover. She sought, like the stricken deer to weep in loneliness, and bared sorrow that rankled in her soul. Sometimes she would be seen late in an evening, sitting in the porch of the village church, and the milk maid, returning from

the fields, would now and then overhear her, singing some plaintive ditty in the lawlorn walk. She became fervent in her devotion at church; and as the old people saw her approach, an awed way, yet with a hazy glow and that hollowed air which melancholy diffuses around the form, they would make away for her, as for a thing spiritual, and looking after her, would shake their head in gloomy foreboding.

She felt a conviction that she was hastening to the tomb, but looked forward to it as a place of rest. The silver cord that had bound her to existence was loosened, and there seemed to be no more pleasure under the sun. If ever her gentle bosom had entertained resentment against her lover it was extinguished. She was incapable of angry passions; and in a moment of saddened tenderness, she penned him a farewell letter. It was couched in the simplest language but touching from its very simplicity. She told him that she was dying, and did not conceal from him that his conduct was the cause. She depicted the sufferings which she had experienced; but concluded in saying that she could not die in peace until she had sent him her forgiveness and her blessing.

By degrees her strength declined, that she could no longer leave the cottage. She could only totter to the window, where propped upon a chair, it was her enjoyment to sit all day and look out upon the landscape. Still she uttered no complaint, nor imparted to any one the melody that was playing upon her heart. She never even mentioned her lover's name; but would lay her head on her mother's bosom and weep in silence. Her poor parents hung in woe society, over this fading blossom of their hopes, still flattering themselves that it might again revive to freshness, and that the bright moonlight bloom which sometimes flushed her cheek might be the promise of returning health.

In this way she was sealed between them one Sunday afternoon, her hands were clasped in theirs, the lattice was thrown open, and the soft air that stole in brought with it the fragrance of the cloister honey suckle which her own hands had trained round the window.

Her father had just been reading a chapter in the Bible; it spoke of the vanity of worldly things and of the joys of heaven; it seemed to have diffused comfort and serenity through her bosom. Her eye was fixed on the distant village church; the bell had tolled for the evening service; the last villager was lagging into the porch and every thing had sunk into that hallowed stillness peculiar to the day of rest. Her parents were gazing on her with yearning hearts. Sickness and sorrow, which pass so roughly over some faces, had given here the expression of a seraph. A tear trembled in her soft blue eye. Was she thinking of her faithless lover?—or were her thoughts wandering to that distant church yard, into whose bosom she might soon be gathered.

Suddenly the clang of hoofs was heard—a horseman galloped to the cottage—he dismounted before the window—the poor girl gave a faint exclamation, and sunk back into her chair—it was her repentant lover! He pushed into the house and flew to clasp her to his bosom; but her wasted form—her deathlike countenance—so wan, yet so lovely in its desolation, smote him to the soul, and he threw himself in agony at her feet. She was too faint to rise—she attempted to extend her trembling hand—her lips moved as if she spoke, but no word was articulated—she looked down on him with a look of unutterable tenderness—and closed her eyes for ever.

Such are the particulars which I gathered of this village story. They are but scanty, and I am conscious have little novelty in them to recommend them. In the present rage for strange incident and high-seasoned narrative, they may appear trite and insignificant, but they interested me strongly at the time; and taken in connexion with the affecting ceremony which I had just witnessed, left a deeper impression on my mind than many circumstances of a more striking nature. I have passed through the place since, and visited the church again from a better motive than mere curiosity. It was a wintry evening, the trees were stripped of their foliage; the church yard looked naked and mournful, and the wind rustled coldly through the dry grass. Evergreens, however, had been planted about the grave of the village favorite, and oaks were bent over it to keep the turf unimpaired.

The church door was open, and I stepped in. There hung the chaplet of flowers and the gloves as on the day of the funeral: the flowers were withered, it is true, but care seemed to have been taken that no dust should soil their whiteness. I have seen many monuments, where art has exhausted its powers to awaken the sympathies of the spectator; but I have met with none that speak more touchingly to my heart, than this simple but delicate memento of departed innocence.

ADVICE TO APPRENTICES.—I. Having selected your profession resolve not to abandon it; but by a life of industry and enterprise to adorn it. You will be much more likely to succeed in business you have long studied, than in that of which you know but little.

2. Select the best company in your power to obtain; and let your conversation be on those things you wish to learn. Frequent conversation will elicit much instruction.

3. Obtain a friend to select for you the best books on morality, religion, and the liberal arts, and particularly those which treat on your profession.

It is not the reading of many books that makes a man wise, but the reading of only those which can impart wisdom. Thoroughly understand what you read; take notes of all that is worth remembering, and frequently review what you have written.

4. Select for your model the purest and greatest characters; and always endeavor to imitate their virtues, and to emulate their greatness.

5. Serve God—attend his worship—and endeavor to set an example of piety, charity, and sobriety to all around you.

6. Love your country; respect your rulers; treat with kindness your fellow apprentices; let your great aim be usefulness to mankind.

7. Get all you can by honest industry; spend nothing extravagantly, and provide largely for old age.

8. In a word, think much, act circumspectly, and live usefully.

"Our daily paper sinks us \$50 per day.—Herald."

We long ago discovered that the Globe was daily making a sink of itself.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice, that about the 20th of September next he will set out on a tour to the WEST, and at the solicitation of several individuals has been induced to offer himself as a GENERAL AGENT to transact any and every kind of business in the vicinity of the regular route between this place and the State of Illinois which may be entrusted to his care and also in any part of several States through which he will pass should sufficient business be offered to warrant the undertaking. Persons wishing to invest funds in Western Lands without making a journey themselves can now have an opportunity to do so under the most favorable circumstances. The subscriber proposes to be at Reed's Hotel in Rutland, during the first week of September next, where persons can have an opportunity to deliver their business and where such references will be given as will satisfy strangers as to the safety of so doing. Persons who cannot be at Rutland at said time nor see the subscriber at his house by writing him at Fairhaven (post paid) and stating something in relation to their business, shall be called on at their own houses or at such other place as they shall dictate.

WILLIAM B. COLBURN.

Castleton, August 12, 1836. 345w.

OREL COOK,

MANUFACTURER OF HATS.

IN the Village of EAST RUTLAND, Vt. keeps constantly on hand and offers for sale a great variety of HATS, consisting in

BLACK & DRAB CASTORS;
NAPT HATS, (of all descriptions);
MEN & BOYS' FELTS,

in great abundance, and would be happy to have his old customers call and examine them; for they may be assured that he is now selling at bargains for purchasers.

He also has made an arrangement to supply himself with

SILK HATS,

Manufactured in Troy by DAVID ELLIS—and which can be depended on as being of the first quality as well made in the latest fashion and best style—and will be sold for cash at the manufacturers prices.

Hats or Cash, will be paid for sheered LAMBS WOOL or FELTS.

NOTE A BENE. Those indebted to the said Cook, whose demands are due are reminded that payment must be made without delay.
Rutland, August 16, 1836. 34

ARBEY & ATWOOD,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

AND DEALERS IN

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

No. 12, Front Street, New York.

WILL attend to orders or assignments of BUTTER, CHEESE, BEER, FLOUR, LARD, HAMS, or any other kinds of Produce or Manufactures—and all business of this nature entrusted to them will receive prompt and faithful attention.
New York, August, 1836. 344w.

Printer's Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Printer hereof, whose demands have been barred by the statute of limitations are requested to come forward and make payment or renew the claim—and we should feel very grateful for a little early Cash on demands that have been due from one to four years.
PRINTER, Herald Office.

Elixir Vegetal Balsamique.

N. H. DOWN'S

VEGETABLE BALSAMIC ELIXIR,

For Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Catarrh, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the head, chest and lungs.

Pamphlets containing a history of the medicine—a sketch of the diseases for which it is recommended, certificates from unquestionable sources—ample directions accompanying each bottle—may be had of any of the Agencies, gratis.
W. FAY, Agent—Rutland.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION!

TO PERSONS AFFLICTED WITH THE FOLLOWING COMPLAINTS, VIZ:

Scurful, Leprosy, Salt Rheum, St. Anthony's Fire, Fever Sores, even when the bones are affected, White Swellings, Venereal Eruptions, after mercury, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the Blood and Humors are cured that

DR. RELF'S.

BOTANICAL DROPS!

Constitute a remedy for the prurient, relief, and cure of these complaints, in proof of which read the following:

1. Remarkable case of a cure of 12 years standing: Extract of a letter, &c.—"My leg, which before did not look like a human limb, is now entirely healed up, (after resting every other application for 12 years!) Previous to taking your Relf's Botanical Drops, I had given up all hope of relief."

Another Case. An Agent writes—"There is a person taking the Botanical Drops, evidently with the greatest advantage." He declares, to use his own words, "It is doing wonders for him," and he, as it were, "snatching him from the grave."

Numerous instances have occurred where persons were pining away a miserable existence, nothing that they could procure afforded them permanent relief, until they made use of the above invaluable Medicine. They are also the best Symplic and Autumnal Symplic. Price \$1, or 6 bottles for \$5.

DUNNIE'S REMEDY FOR

THE PILES.

ONE of the best and most thorough remedies known for this troublesome complaint. It has more perfectly answered the use for which it was intended, than any other now in common use, and affords immediate and permanent relief, both of the disorder itself, and its accompanying symptoms of pain in the bowels, vertigo, headache, loss of appetite, indigestion, and other marks of debility.

Price \$1 for both articles—Ointment and Electuary—or 50 cents when but one is wanted.

1. None are genuine unless signed T. KIRKMAN, on the wrapper, and the proprietor and successor to Dr. Kirkman, by whom they are for sale, at the Consulting Rooms, No. 60, Court St. Boston, and by his special appointment by Daniel & Bell, Rutland; J. L. Lewis, Wells; and Adams, Warner & Co., Ludlow.

No. 1. Feb. 3, 1836.

WM. KENNEY,

POST-RIDER through West Rutland, Vt., Clarendon, Tunmouth, Danby, Dorset, Manchester, and Wallingford, will supply all calls for the Rutland Herald, Vermont Statesman, and any other papers which he can conveniently obtain, and will also furnish any BOOKS that may be wanted on his route, at Book Store prices.
July 15, 1836. 30

STRAY HORSE.

STRAYED from the pasture of the subscriber in Sherburne in the month of May last, a sorrel Horse five years old, bushy tail, and has a little of the spring halt, no other particular marks about him recollected. Whoever may have taken up said horse and will give information to the subscriber in Mendon shall be rewarded for their trouble and all temporary charges paid.
RUFUS RICHARDSON.
Mendon Aug. 6, 1836.

Elizabeth Jenkins' Estate.

State of Vermont. { BE IT REMEMBERED, District of Rutland, ss. } that at a stated Probate Court held at Rutland, within and for said district on the first Monday being the 1st day of August, A. D. 1836,

A certain instrument in writing, under seal, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Jenkins of Rutland, in the county of Rutland and State aforesaid, deceased, being presented to said court by A. L. Brown, the Executor therein named for probate and allowance.

Ordered, That said Will be referred, for probate to a court to be holden at the Probate Office in Rutland within and for said district, on the first Monday of September next; And that the publication of a copy of this order, three weeks successively in the Rutland Herald, printed at Rutland, as soon as may be, shall be sufficient notice to all concerned to appear, if they see cause, and contest the probate and allowance of said Will.

F. W. HOPKINS, Register.

Freedom Frost's Estate.

State of Vermont. { BE IT REMEMBERED, District of Rutland, ss. } that at a stated Probate Court held at Rutland, within and for said district, on the first Monday, being the 1st day of August, A. D. 1836,

Abijah Cole, administrator of the estate of Freedom Frost late of Monthouly in said district, deceased, proposing to render an account of his administration and present his account against said estate for allowance:

Ordered, That said account be examined in court, at a session thereof, to be holden at the Probate Office in Rutland, within and for said district, on the 1st Monday of September next; and that the publication of a copy of this order, three weeks successively in the Rutland Herald, printed at Rutland, as soon as may be, shall be sufficient notice to all concerned to appear, if they see cause, and object thereto.

F. W. HOPKINS, Register.

Eber Thomas' Estate.

State of Vermont. { BE IT REMEMBERED, District of Rutland, ss. } that at a stated Probate Court held at Rutland, within and for said district on the first Monday being the 1st day of August, A. D. 1836,

Augustus Thomas, administrator of the estate of Eber Thomas, late of Chittenden, in said district, deceased, proposing to render an account of his administration and present his account against said estate for allowance:

Ordered, That said account be examined in court, at a session thereof, to be holden at the probate office in Rutland within and for said district, on the first Monday of September next; And that the publication of a copy of this order, three weeks successively in the Rutland Herald, printed at Rutland as soon as may be, shall be sufficient notice to all concerned to appear, if they see cause, and object thereto.

F. W. HOPKINS, Register.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

THE subscribers would inform the public, that they have commenced the manufacturing of

TIN WARE.

in Ludlow, Vt. under the firm of N. DICKERSON & CO.

There will be at all times a good assortment of plain and Japan'd WARE, which Pedlars who are wishing to buy, can have at the lowest wholesale prices. Also, GOODS, such as Pedlars generally want, at a small advance from cost.

N. B. Pedlars who are wishing to purchase at the above named shop, will do well to call.
N. DICKERSON & CO.
Ludlow, Feb. 25, 1835. 11



VIENNA PILLS.

KEPT constantly on hand, and for sale, by the subscriber, who has been appointed sole Agent for this vicinity.
W. FAY.
Rutland, September 32, 1835. 39

PENSIONERS.

JESSE GOVE continues to pay cash as are restored, and to transact all business for pensioners, as usual, at his office, 2 doors north of the Court House, Rutland.

BLANK BOOKS.

A LARGE assortment of all kinds of Blank Work, well bound and good paper, will always be found at the Rutland Book Store.
W. FAY.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber would give this public Notice, that all demands that have been due over one year must be paid immediately.
JAMES BARRETT Jr.
Rutland Aug. 24, 1836.

PAINTS.

BURT & MASON keep constantly for sale BLEND OIL, PAINTS of all kinds, DYE STUFFS, DRUGS & MEDICINES.
Rutland August 1, 1836. 32

Real Copel Varnish.

FOR sale by, JAMES BARRETT Jr.
Rutland, July 29, 1836. 32